



WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY

This life is a difficult riddle,
For how many people we see,
With faces so long as a fiddle
That ought to look shining with glee
I am sure in this world there is plenty
Of good things enough for us all,
And yet there's not one out of twenty,
But thinks that his share is too small,

CHORUS—

Then what is the use of repining,
For where there's a will there's a way
And to-morrow when sun may be shining,
Although it is cloudy to-day,

Did you ever hear tell of the spider,
That tried up the wall hard to climb
If not take this as a guide,
—You'll find it will serve in time,
Nine times it tried hard to be mounting,
And every time had to fall,
But it tried hard again without counting,
And of course reach'd the top of the wall

Some grumble because they're not married,
And can not procure a good wife
While others say wish they had tarried,
and long for a bachelor's life,
To me it is very bewildering
Some grumble it must be in fun,
Because they have too many children
And others because they have none

Do you think that by sitting & sighing
You'll ever obtain what you want
It's cowardly alone that is crying
And foolishly saying I can't
It's only by plodding & striving,
And labouring up the steep hill,
Of life that you'll ever be thriving,
Which you'll do if you've only the way